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THE HORN BOOK

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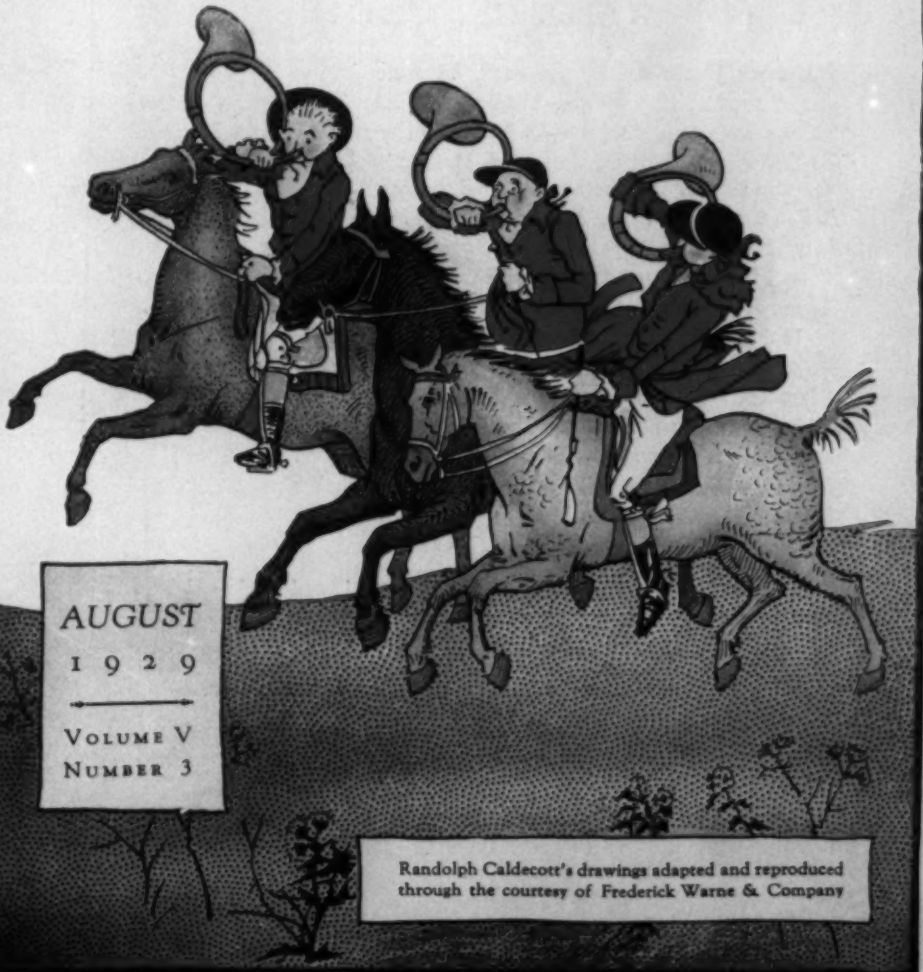
The Bookshop for Boys and Girls

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION
270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



AUGUST
1929

VOLUME V
NUMBER 3

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume V AUGUST, 1929 *Number 3*

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Published Quarterly in February, May, August and November
by THE BOOKSHOP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 270 Boylston Street, Boston
Editor: BERTHA E. MAHONY
Assistant Editor: ELINOR WHITNEY
Subscription price, $1.25; in English money, five shillings; single copies, 35 cents; one shilling, six pence
Entered as second class matter March 10, 1926, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879
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PLEASANT DREAMS

I watch the swallows fly
Or seagulls float by.
More easy than walking it seems.

And often at night
I make a long flight
Drifting away in dreams.

Over the North Pole, over the South;
Over Sahara, desert of drouth;
Over the mountains, over the sea;
Over old cities where Kings sit at tea;
Over the planets, over the Moon;
Over tall fountains, playing at noon;
Over the World's edge, over Time's head;
Over the room where I sleep in my bed.

I think when I'm grown
And sufficiently known —
When I am fifteen or twenty —

I'll buy an airship
And take a long trip
To find real adventures in plenty.

From James S. Tippett's "I Go A-Traveling."
Pictures by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott.
The Nursery Series. *Harper*, 75 cents.

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

THE HORN BOOK

Volume V AUGUST, 1929 *Number 3*

YOUNG MICHAEL ANGELO

A Play in One Act

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

(Author of *The Silver Thread, House of the Heart and Other Plays, How to Produce Children's Plays,* and other books)

This play is fully protected and is dedicated to the reading public only. It can be produced by arrangement with the author (who can be addressed care of the Horn Book) and the payment of a small royalty.

NOTE

In this little play, centering around an incident in the life of the thirteen-year-old Michael Angelo, events have been telescoped in order to bring them within a certain compass of time. Young Michael Angelo, as the play suggests, was apprentice to Domenico Ghirlandajo, beginning first in his silversmithy. In that same year Michael Angelo met Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the boy's talent in carving the head of a faun won the interest of that great patron of the arts, who took the youth to live in his palace and "sit at table with his sons." While Messer Massino, the apprentices, and the master apprentice are imaginary characters, they have a foundation of fact, and are drawn from episodes connected with Michael Angelo's life. . . . times of which Romain Rolland writes feelingly when he says: "These were years of desperate effort in the midst of enemies who spied upon him and hoped for his failure." Ghirlandajo, it is admitted, was jealous because a mere apprentice excelled him and was glad to part with Michael Angelo.

CHARACTERS

Griffo, Master of the apprentices.
Nicolo Gasparo
Zanni
Ara
Tito
} Apprentices.
Messer Massino, an old man.
Michael Angelo
Lorenzo

Place: Florence, Italy.
Time: April, 1488.

A silver shop back of the studio of Ghirlandajo. A gray stone-walled room, with a stone floor. It is below the level of the street. In the background there is a door opening on the public square, flanked by an iron-barred window on each side. The windows have shutters which can be drawn. Steps from the street lead down to the room.

At left an ancient hooded fireplace, jutting out into the room so that an angle is made against which a black bench stands. At right a door is reached by steps. It leads to the studio of Ghirlandajo.

The door is flanked by a work table on one side, and on the other, toward the window, a forge for hammering and melting silver.

Hung on the wall are silver trays, flagons, sword sheaths, etc. Designs in drawings are also fastened up. On the work table silver hair pins, necklaces, ornaments. There are three-legged stools for the apprentices, and all about are small mallets, hammers, tools for engraving, the litter that accrues when work pushes forward.

It is a dull, lowering day, and the spark smouldering on the hearth and the fire in the forge make ruddy spots of color.

The four apprentices are idling over the task as the curtain rises, and Nicolo Gasparo, a ferret-faced boy, is looking out the door. He speaks to Zanni, who stands near him. Zanni is holding a tray which he should be polishing.

NICOLO: A strange day, Zanni. Dark and cold. It will rain before night.

ZANNI: And tomorrow our lovely city of Florence will be new washed and shiny. . . .

NICOLO: Hei! Listen to Zanni . . . trying to be a poet!

ARA: How comes the necklace, Tito?

TITO (*Holding it up*): Finished.

NICOLO: Worthy to be worn by a Medici!

(*Griffo appears at right, a stout, red-faced master apprentice. He holds in his hand a letter with a ducal seal.*)

GRIFFO: Apprentices! Attention! (*All the apprentices who have been idling now appear alert.*) Give ears and eyes.

APPRENTICES: Yes, Master Griffo.

GRIFFO: An order hath come to us from the Duke of Milan for a silver bowl, and twelve goblets. Each goblet to be a different pattern. Messer Ghirlandajo has given me the letter. I will help

design the goblets, and you shall carry out the designs (*Silence*). What! Not one voice raised in pleasure at the honor that has come to the shop of Ghirlandajo.

TITO: I had liefer do necklaces.

ARA: Or hairpins.

GRIFFO (*Exploding*): Because they are easier. Holy Saints! Never have I seen such a pack of lazy apprentices! Through that door in the atelier, Ghirlandajo works at the finest altar piece in Florence, and in here, in his silversmithy, you are idle every time my back is turned. Nicolo Gasparo, why are you not at work?

NICOLO (*Injured*): I was but taking a breath of air, Master Griffo.

ZANNI (*Placating*): We were saying the sky was overcast, and 'twould rain.

NICOLO (*At door*): Look! Like a bird that flies before the storm, hither comes old Messer Massino to sell some more of his family heirlooms. . . .

ZANNI (*Scornfully*): The old crow!

(*Griffo becomes absorbed in the ducal letter and does not glance up as Messer Massino enters. He is a bent, white-haired figure, leaning on a cane. His tattered sleeves and tunic do lend him the effect of dark plumage. He has the keenest eyes under heavy white brows. The apprentices mock him, bowing grandiloquently.*)

NICOLO: Good morrow, Messer Massino. What does your splendiferessness desire?

ZANNI: In what way can we serve your worship?

ARA: Yes. What do you lack, Messer Massino?

MASSINO: Naught that such fleas of fortune can bestow. (*To Griffo*) Will your master Ghirlandajo see me?

GRIFFO (*Coolly*): He will assuredly see what you bring to sell. (*Massino gives him a long silver earring.*) A single earring!

MASSINO: But look at the antique design.

GRIFFO: That's true. (*Indicates bench at angle by hearth.*) Wait there.

Massino seats himself, and there enters from the street a boy of thirteen with the face of a rugged dreamer, and the rags of a vagabond. He carries a battered case of drawings. It is young Michael Angelo. Griffo sees him, and speaks roughly.

GRIFFO: You! What do you want?

MICHAEL: To see Messer Ghirlandajo.

GRIFFO: What for?

MICHAEL: I — I hope to become one of his apprentices.

GRIFFO: I am the master of the apprentices. In this shop my word is law. Where do you come from?

MICHAEL: Settignano.

NICOLO (*Behind his hand*): From the country! I knew it! I saw the straw in his hair.

GRIFFO (*To Nicolo*): Peace! Who asked your opinion? (*To Michael*) What is your name?

MICHAEL: Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

GRIFFO (*Baiting him while the apprentices look on delightedly*): Michael Angelo! So your mother calls you after the Archangel Michael?

MICHAEL (*Struggling for self control*): My mother — is dead. But I bring Messer Ghirlandajo a letter from my step-uncle. It will tell him that I work hard at drawing, that I am honest and can be trusted. If you will look at my drawings —.

GRIFFO: Florence is filled with boys who want to draw. Be off!

MICHAEL: If I could but speak to Ghirlandajo —.

GRIFFO: Do you think a poverty-stricken, village lout can interest *him?* Begone, I tell you.

(*Michael turns. The apprentices laugh silently and make mocking gestures to each other.*)

MASSINO: Wait. Let me see your drawings, Michael. I am an old man; yet not so old and not so poor but what I can tell talent when I see it. Fra Lippo Lippi was poor, and Fra Angelico was unknown.

GRIFFO (*Uneasily*): What's that you're saying?

MASSINO (*Clearly*): I say that the road that leads from the little villages to the city is youth's highway: all the young poets and artists follow it. Mark this, Griffo. If you do not let this boy see Messer Ghirlandajo you may some day have to answer for it.

GRIFFO (*Blustering*): Am I master of Ghirlandajo's apprentices or am I not? I am sick of this talk of art and artists!

MASSINO: So says many a one when talent knocks at the door.

GRIFFO: Here. Give me the drawings. Ghirlandajo shall see them, and then may we be forever quit of country ganders who come flapping to our shop. (*He flings into Ghirlandajo's atelier. Nicolo takes up his accustomed place at the door. He speaks to the apprentices.*)

NICOLO: Come quick, lads. A brave sight! The Guard is passing!
TITO: I love plumes. And the shine of swords.

(*They gather about the doorway, while Angelo speaks to Messer Massino, drawing near the dark bench.*)

MICHAEL: I can never give you thanks enough, Messer ——— (he hesitates).
MASSINO: Massino, my name is. So you lived in Settignano?
MICHAEL: Yes, Messer Massino.
MASSINO (*Nodding*): A region of stonecutters.
MICHAEL: My foster mother was a stonecutter's wife, and my first toys were stones. I sometimes think it is because of that that I am never so happy as when I feel stone beneath my hand.
MASSINO: You want to be a sculptor? (*Shakes his head.*) The way is long.
MICHAEL: And I have neither tools nor marble. Yet I am determined that in the end a sculptor I shall be.
MASSINO (*With sudden decision*): Michael Angelo Buonarotti, hark to me. I may be an old man and poor — I may even sell trinkets; yet there is one thing I have not parted with which we shall share. A block (*indicate size*) of Carrara marble. You shall carve it. Perhaps we may later sell it, and divide the money. What say you?
MICHAEL: With all my heart. When shall I begin?
MASSINO: I will bring you the marble tonight. Meet me in the Square by the Guild House of the Woolcombers. Do you know the place?
MICHAEL: Assuredly. I will be there.
MASSINO: But keep this secret. Tell no one of it.
MICHAEL: I promise you.
MASSINO: What subject will you choose?
MICHAEL: The head of a faun — such as I've seen in the Medici Gardens on a holiday. There was a steward there told me I might come again.
MASSINO: Good. Finish it a month from now.
MICHAEL: That will be on the eve of the Feast of Flowers. I shall be ready.
MASSINO: S — st! (*He speaks as one continuing instruction, for he sees Griffo returning from the atelier.*) Neglect no opportunity to study, and —

GRIFFO: Messer Massino, Ghirlandajo will pay ten florins for your earring, which is of antique design. (*He gives Massino the money. Massino pockets it. Griffo turns to Michael.*) As for you, your drawings might be worse. Ghirlandajo will see you. Go you to him now.

MICHAEL (*Overjoyed*): Does that mean — that I am to be his apprentice?

GRIFFO: If your work pleases us.

MICHAEL: I will do my best.

MASSINO: Good fortune go with you, young Michael Angelo!

MICHAEL: And you, Messer Massino (*Massino goes to the street, Michael to Ghirlandajo, followed by Griffo*).

NICOLO: Did you hear that!

TITO: He'll work so hard and quick that we'll be at a disadvantage.

NICOLO: We must get rid of him.

ZANNI: The sooner the better.

NICOLO: Leave it to me.

ARA: But how?

NICOLO: I'll think it out. I'll find a way.

ARA (*Watching door to atelier*): They're coming back. (*Griffo and Michael enter.*)

GRIFFO (*Speaking back over his shoulder to Michael*): All the apprentices begin at chains and hair gauds.

MICHAEL: Yes, master.

GRIFFO: You show him, Tito.

TITO: Yes, master.

(*Griffo goes to the back of the shop. Tito brings Michael tools and silver; but in a mocking manner.*)

TITO: From the country. . . . Won't you miss your bed of hay?

NICOLO (*Tenderly*): What will you do without the goats and donkeys?

MICHAEL (*Looking them over coolly*): With goats and donkeys Florence seems well supplied.

(*The fall of the curtain denotes the passing of a month's time.*)

(*When the curtain rises again the shop is in darkness: the shutters closed. The door from the street is unlocked from without, letting in a stream of morning sunlight, and Griffo. He carries a red portfolio of drawings under his arm. These he deposits on a small table in the rear of the shop.*

It is at once apparent that a change has come over the shop. The silver trays have been taken down from the wall, and in their place some drawings have been tacked up. New work is under way. Forge-fire and hearth-fire are quenched.

Having deposited his drawings, Griffo starts to take down the shutters, for he works in an age when artists prided themselves on the fact that there was nothing which they would ask an apprentice to do that they would not do themselves. All labor had value.

As Griffo starts to take down the shutters, Michael enters, carrying a black bundle. He wears a garment that is clean and untattered.)

MICHAEL: A fair day to you, Master Griffo. Let me help.

(*He deposits his bundle on bench by hearth, and runs to help Griffo.*)

GRIFFO (*Scornfully*): Country boy, didn't your years on the hillside teach you that early worms get eaten by birds?

MICHAEL (*Good humoredly*): Even a worm must take its chances!

GRIFFO (*Witheringly*): *Chances!*

(*Griffo unlocks the door leading to Ghirlandajo's atelier and goes in, shutting the door with a bang. Michael quickly sweeps the shop, and then, with time to himself, yet with a wary glance at the outer door, and then at that through which Griffo may enter, takes from his dark bundle the faun-head which he has carved and, holding it up, looks at it with the pleasure of a craftsman. Placing it for an instant on the bench, he chips a bit from the shaggy head, then holds up the head again with a satisfied nod.*

From outside come the voices of the apprentices, singing:—)

Florence, city of flowers,
Of golden sunshine and silver showers—

(*At this sound Michael swiftly ties up the faun-head with the dark square of cloth. On the equally dark bench the bundle is scarcely noticeable. He is again sweeping the floor as the apprentices enter, still singing:*)

APPRENTICES: Thee will we praise
All of our days
That thy beauty dowers.

(*They stop at sight of Michael.*)

NICOLO: Hei! Michael Angelo! (*Sneering.*) We might have known it! You are always here an hour before any one else.

MICHAEL: My day begins before yours. That is all.

(*Re-enter Griffo.*)

APPRENTICES: Good day to you, Master Griffo.

GRIFFO: Good day. Good day. Hah! You are cheerful because tomorrow is a holiday. The Feast of Flowers. How will you spend it, Ara?

ARA: Master, I shall spend it watching the processions.

GRIFFO: How will you spend it, Michael?

(*Before Michael can answer, Nicolo maliciously replies for him.*)

NICOLO: Michael will spend it where he spends all his spare time when he is not in this shop. Oh, we followed him when he thought we weren't looking! And where he spends all his time is in the Medici Gardens.

GRIFFO (*Contemptuously*): So you crawl as near as you dare to rich men's palaces, eh?

MICHAEL: I have permission to enter the Medici Gardens.

GRIFFO: Who gave you such permission?

MICHAEL: A steward.

GRIFFO: What was his name?

MICHAEL: I do not know.

GRIFFO: Do you expect me to believe such nonsense? Michael Angelo Buonarotti, look to your ways, both in this shop, and out of it! Do you want us haled before the authorities?

MICHAEL (*Humbly*): No, Master Griffo.

GRIFFO: Come in, now, to Messer Ghirlandajo. It's time you were mixing the colors for the altar-piece. (*Griffo and Michael enter the atelier.*)

TITO: Ghirlandajo wishes him to mix his colors! What did I tell you? Michael will go higher yet, and higher — while we —

NICOLO (*With venom*): We can pull him down.

ZANNI: You said that; but you've never done it.

NICOLO: Now I will. I have a plan. Listen. Today Griffo inspects our drawings. But first, let us get Michael to correct them. And while he is correcting ours, let us get him also to correct Griffo's.

ARA: Griffo's drawings —

NICOLO: Here they are, in this red portfolio. Look! (*Opens Griffo's red portfolio.*) You know how vain Griffo is! He will be so enraged that another hand should touch his work that he'll oust Michael Angelo quick as winking!

ARA: A fine idea, my Nicolo!

NICOLO: Pst! (*He sings*):

Florence, city of flowers,
Of golden sunshine and silver showers —

(*Michael comes in absorbedly, and goes to the end of the table farthest from the apprentices, and begins to mix the colors which he has brought in.*)

ARA (*Approaching ingratiatingly with his drawing*): Michael, you have a craftsman's eye, and for that reason —

TITO: We have a little favor to ask —

MICHAEL (*Pausing*): A favor?

ZANNI: Would you help us with our drawings before Griffo sees them?

MICHAEL (*Pleasantly, a bit vaguely, too, for he is still thinking of his work for Ghirlandajo*): Why, if you think that I can help —

ARA: This one, for instance.

MICHAEL (*Instantly interested in correcting the drawing, and tossing off work as an anvil tosses off sparks*): Alter your line here. That gives it strength.

ARA (*In spite of himself surprised into admiration*): Why, so it does!

MICHAEL (*To Zanni*): Give this longer lines if you would hope for beauty.

ZANNI: That's true.

NICOLO (*Approaching with Griffo's drawings*): And these —

MICHAEL (*Intensely absorbed: slashing ahead*): Ho! This is wrong from start to finish. Out, all of it! And begin it again. So. And so.

NICOLO: Wonderful!

MICHAEL (*Seizing upon another of Griffo's drawings*): And give this one an upward soaring curve by changing it — so!

NICOLO: A thousand thanks, Michael. You have helped us more than you know. Now, to work, all of us before Griffo comes!

(*Nicolo returns Griffo's drawings to their case without Michael seeing him. The apprentices return to work, and Michael continues mixing colors. Griffo enters. Sees the apprentices are busy. Bends over Nicolo to see his drawing. Nods, satisfied. Goes to his own case of drawings, opens it, takes out the ones that Michael has corrected and stands astounded. The apprentices watch him covertly.*)

GRIFFO: My work — corrected! Changed!! (*Whirls about*) Who has done this? (*A moment's silence before the storm breaks.*) Answer me! Who has dared? These are not your strokes, Nicolo, nor yours, Zanni. They're yours — yours, Michael Angelo. Do you deny it?

MICHAEL: Master, I did not know they were your drawings. I thought —

GRIFFO: You thought! And who are you? A beggarly apprentice who would teach his master!

MICHAEL: I meant no wrong — I —

GRIFFO (*Pointing to door*): Begone! Out with you! (*Michael lifts his bundle, uncertain whether to go or stay.*) What's in that bundle that makes it so heavy? Stop! What are you taking with you?

MICHAEL: Nothing. I —

GRIFFO: Liar! (*He wrenches the bundle from Michael, disclosing the faun's head.*) A statue, and of marble. How did you come by this?

MICHAEL: The marble was given me by Messer Massino. The carving is mine own.

GRIFFO: You would have me believe that you carved this? Impossible.

NICOLO: How would a man as poor as Massino have marble to give away?

GRIFFO: No. It is a lie. All of it. The statue has been stolen! I shall be held responsible for my apprentice! (*Rushes toward doorway bellowing.*) What ho! The guard! The guard!

(*But in the doorway, roused by the clamor, instead of the guard stands a figure in purple with a golden ducal chain — about his neck. Lorenzo the Magnificent.*)

LORENZO: Who calls the guard so loudly?

GRIFFO: Lorenzo the Magnificent!

(*Griffo and all those within the shop instantly fall upon one knee: the apprentices voicing their astonishment.*)

APPRENTICES: Di Medici! Highness!

LORENZO: Where is the culprit?

GRIFFO (*Rising*): There, most noble duke, is Michael Angelo Buonarotti, and here the statue which he stole.

LORENZO: You, boy. What have you to say?

(*Michael arises and answers stoutly:*)

MICHAEL: Highness, it's mine. I carved it.

LORENZO: That is true. You took me for a steward when I met you in the Gardens, and I gave you leave to work there. Well, I am a steward — of art! (*Under the wing of Lorenzo another figure appears: a little old man sumptuous in black brocaded velvet. It is Messer Massino.*) I have my political spies, and my art spies as well. I bade Messer Massino hunt me out the worthiest apprentice now in Florence. Messer Massino, is this the one?

MASSINO: It is, your Highness. That is the faun's head which he was to deliver to me today.

LORENZO: Michael Angelo Buonarotti, if it so be that it please you, you shall live in my palace, sit at my table, eat with my sons, work with my artists.

MICHAEL: Highness, it will be like Paradise!

LORENZO (*To Griffo*): As for you, be not so quick to judge.

GRIFFO: Illustrious Duke, I crave your leniency.

LORENZO: Rest assured I have forgotten your existence.

(*Lorenzo the Magnificent goes out, his arm about Michael's shoulders. Massino follows, yet cannot resist a parting thrust. He pauses on the top of the steps, and looks down on the apprentices with gleaming malice, and gestures which point his meaning.*)

MASSINO: The earth for mud-birds; but for eagles — the heavens!

GRIFFO (*Stunned, and bereft of his self-complacency*): How is any one to know!

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY—

A Dramatist for Dreamers, Large and Small

By Esther Willard Bates

NOT only one who summons fairies from the dingle and dryads from the wood is Constance D'Arcy Mackay, but also she gives others the secret words to summon them. For she is the author of many plays, — delicate, fantastic, light-hearted and sweet of spirit. Here within the covers of her books, till the players bid them step forth bodily, are all the places one dreams of but never finds. The backgrounds of her masques, fantasies, folk plays, historic comedies, and pageants afford a field rich in fresh invention and novel plot.

Teachers, settlement workers, directors of religious education, and dramatic coaches may do well to have these plays upon their shelves. Principals and normal instructors need also to know them, for Miss Mackay's volumes meet, with their forty odd plays, nearly every type of demand that can be made. To correlate history lessons are episodes from Lincoln and Boone and Washington. One pictures a clear-eyed country boy as Boone, or a dark newcomer, who first heard the ringing words of the Gettysburg address in the streets of Kiev, silently thrilled to play Lincoln's part on a school-room platform. Such episodes as are contained in her volume called "Patriotic Plays and Pageants" perpetuate the traditions which shall enable this land to continue as a free and stable government. Moreover, as she herself says, "If the patriotic play is produced in the right way, it should contain the very essence of democracy — efficient team-work, a striving together for the good of the whole."

There are days when every lover of children is forced to note, — silently perhaps, and out of the corner of her eye, — that the dove of peace does not hover over the corner where Aloysius sits, that Bashka and industry are not on speaking terms, and Karl was behind the door when cheer-

fulness passed by. She concludes to ease into their small minds a fresh assortment of ideals. So she takes from her shelf "The House of the Heart and Other Plays" and with mingled guile and wisdom starts the show. It moves happily to its triumphant production, at the close of which Aloysius and Bashka slide their little arms about her neck and explain what good thoughts the play has. A spring day makes "The Enchanted Garden" an imperative addition to the year's program, and a dim January afternoon proves a perfect time for "Nimblewit and Fingerkin." Christmas and Thanksgiving Day are charmingly provided for, and at the year's close a sunset play called "The Pageant of the Hours" will give memories to every child that will last for years, as he bears away the gentle lesson, —

"And if well thy hours were spent,
To that gift I add content."

A few, possibly a very few years later, when Karl and Retta are eleven and thirteen, down comes the volume called, "The Silver Thread and Other Plays." Unassuming though these may seem, they are a contribution along the line of comparative mythology, and a wealth of legends from many lands, Italian, Norwegian, German, Russian and Cornish. These varied sources, since many of our child groups are drawn from divers national backgrounds, prove most acceptable. The heart is touched when the newcomer finds his homeland honored in tale or song. Older people are levied upon for their contributions of costumes, utensils, and knowledge of folk ways, and the young people are impressed to find the old-world information, which they shyly scorned, sought eagerly of their parents.

"The Forest Princess and Other Masques" await the players later, — in school or college or community dramatics. Here still may they find their beloved backgrounds of mingled poesy and drama, the same fancifulness and gentle human wisdom. "The Forest Princess," — the title play, — is marked by a deft use of the rhymed couplet, which

never precludes a swift dramatic action or a satisfying close. "The Gift of Time," the next masque, points a much-needed lesson, for the use of those who desire that a play bring a message. "The Masque of Conservation" should be given yearly among our wooded hills, before they are all despoiled, and "The Masque of Christmas" contains a clever modernization of the antimasque. This last-mentioned play ends with gifts and carols, and lends itself to a postlude "white gift service," so often sought by workers in church drama. "The Sun Goddess" with Oriental atmosphere and delicate comedy is so easy to costume and simple to produce that one cannot imagine a director resisting it.

For serious effort, such as might mark the end of the school year, or the major offering for a little theatre season, the play "Franklin" may well be recommended.

Correlation for the English department is found in "The Beau of Bath and Other One Act Plays," where literary and historical values are deftly disguised in fantasy. The *dramatis personæ* include Fanny Burney, Horace Walpole, Sheridan, Peg Woffington, and Romney, eighteenth century figures all, who speak with the mingled grace and formality of their period, now and then reaching much depth of feeling, as in the scene when Mary Romney reveals herself to her errant husband.

The Mackay anthology has not closed its golden covers yet, for the autumn will see a new volume, called "Youth's Highway," containing a Florentine episode of Michael Angelo's youth, a play of Piers Ploughman, a "Calendar of Joyful Saints," a "Pageant of Sunshine and Shadow," and still another nativity play, sure to be most welcome, called "The First Noël." "This volume," says the author, "marks an attempt to make a modern re-creation for young people of the five forms of Guild Drama that flourished in the Middle Ages, — the Interlude, the Morality Play, the Miracle Play, the Pageant, and the Nativity. Insofar as the author is aware, this is the first time that these five forms have been

gathered together in a volume arranged primarily for young people."

There is every reason to expect that this new addition will prove another treasure house for dreamers, where poetic diction, delicate fancy, and genuine acting values combine to make glad the heart of any seeker after plays for young people.

Plays by Constance D'Arcy Mackay:

Patriotic Plays and Pageants	*Holt*	$1.75
The Silver Thread and Other Plays	*Holt*	1.50
The House of the Heart and Other Plays	*Holt*	1.50
The Forest Princess and Other Masques	*Holt*	1.75
The Beau of Bath and Other One Act Plays	*Holt*	1.50
Benjamin Franklin	*Holt*	1.75
Youth's Highway	*Holt*	2.00

Other Books by Constance D'Arcy Mackay:

How to Produce Children's Plays	*Holt*	1.75
Little Theatre in the United States	*Holt*	2.50
Patriotic Drama in Your Town	*Holt*	1.50

COUNTERS[1]

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

To think I once saw grocery shops
With but a casual eye
And fingered figs and apricots
As one who came to buy!

To think I never dreamed of how
Bananas swayed in rain,
And often looked at oranges
Yet never thought of Spain!

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea —
For grocery shops were grocery shops,
Not hemispheres to me!

[1]From "Compass Rose," by Elizabeth Coatsworth in Coward McCann's "Songs of Today Series." 1929. $1.00.

A PILGRIM FAIRY

From "Forty Good Morning Tales"
Illustrated by Erick Berry
(Doubleday Doran)

"SUCH a strange thing happened to me in London the other day" and "it's astonishing the number of different people who tell me tales from time to time." This lucky person is none other than Rose Fyleman, and sometimes it is James Marabout, her Persian cat, who is by no means an ordinary cat, and sometimes it is the wind who tells her tales, but most often of all her stories and poems come the same way that the songs of the fairies come:

This is the way the fairies sing:
They all stand round in a shining ring
On quiet nights when the moon is high,
And lift their faces up to the sky.
They read the music out of the stars,
There aren't any notes and there aren't any bars.
And sweet their song as the clover flower,
And soft it is as a summer shower,
And gay as leaves that the June airs shake,
And sad as the mist on an autumn lake.
None shall light on a lovelier thing
Than the magical song that the fairies sing.[1]

[1] From "The Fairy Flute," by Rose Fyleman *Doubleday Doran* $1.25

Rose Fyleman knows all about the fairies, and the Princes and Princesses of the Fairy Tale, and boys and girls and birds and flowers. The world that Rose Fyleman sees is full of fun and gaiety and unexpected things. You can't imagine what the Queen of the Fairies delighted in for a hat or what the fierce and bold Pirate liked better than anything else? If I told you that the first was the pleated cups that bonbons come in, and that the last was pickled onions, it would not seem very interesting, but when Rose Fyleman tells you, you would be sure to be interested.

"The Fairy Queen was tired of all her hats. Buttercup hats, acorn hats, gossamer caps, bluebell bonnets — she said she would never wear one of them again; she wanted something new, NEW, NEW." [1]

Then there are funny stories such as about Mrs. Moodle coasting downstairs on her tea tray, the swift ride in the hoppaway with the driver who dropped his h's, and the old woman who raised her bread with thistledown.

Perhaps Rose Fyleman is the pilgrim fairy that she writes about.

From "Forty Good Morning Tales"
Illustrated by Erick Berry
(Doubleday Doran)

[1] From "Forty Good Morning Tales," by Rose Fyleman
Doubleday Doran $2.00

I hear a constant calling, more sweet than lily-bells,
And fain am I to wander, to leave our happy dells;
I know not why or whither, but this I surely know —
I cannot stay in Fairyland. I pray you let me go.

I'll bear with me no wallet, I'll take with me no charm,
I'll don no magic coat of mail, yet shall not come to harm,
Nor ever want for shelter; for I shall find my kin;
There will be many doors ajar to let a fairy in.

And some may try to keep me (but I shall never stay),
And some will smile to see me pass and come a little way;
And I shall carry greetings to all who understand,
And I shall whisper in their ears tidings of Fairyland.

And I shall gather treasure; a tale, a song, a flower,
And bring you home a pocketful to fill a happy hour.
And I shall learn the secrets, the hidden ways of men . . .
I shall be wise as mortals are when I come back again.

Some gentle summer evening, before you are aware,
I shall come softly slipping in and you will find me there,
For mortal folk in Fairyland forget their mortal past,
But a little wandering fairy must seek his own at last.[1]

If she is a pilgrim fairy in disguise, we are indeed fortunate for she is coming to America this fall and there will be many opportunities to see and hear her. When she reads her own poetry and stories they may tell you even different things from what they do when you read them to yourself for that is the way with magical things, they are full of suspense, and variety, like the

"coming of spring,
And light as the touch of a butterfly's wing,
And strange as the gleams in a stormy sky,
And changing-bright as the peacock's dye."

E. W.

[1] From "Fairies and Friends," by Rose Fyleman *Doubleday Doran* $1.25

Rose Fyleman's books of verse are:

FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS
THE FAIRY FLUTE
THE FAIRY GREEN
FAIRIES AND FRIENDS — Each Doubleday $1.25

Her stories are:

40 GOOD-NIGHT TALES
40 GOOD-MORNING TALES
THE RAINBOW CAT
A PRINCESS COMES TO OUR TOWN
Each Doubleday $2.00

[*Editor's Note:* The Bookshop will be glad to answer all inquiries in regard to lecture and reading engagements for Rose Fyleman when she is in this country for the month of November.]

THE BEST GAME THE FAIRIES PLAY

The best game the fairies play,
The best game of all,
Is sliding down steeples —
(You know they're very tall).
You fly to the weathercock,
And when you hear it crow
You fold your wings and clutch your things
And then let go!

They have a million other games —
Cloud-catching's one,
And mud-mixing after rain
Is heaps and heaps of fun:
But when you go and stay with them
Never mind the rest,
Take my advice — they're very nice,
But steeple-sliding's best!

From Rose Fyleman's "Fairies and Chimneys" (Doubleday, Doran), and "A Garland of Roses" (Methuen & Co.).

HOW I CAME TO WRITE FOR CHILDREN

By Rose Fyleman

MY sister and I started a little school when we were still in our teens. Later on I took up singing as a profession, but she still kept on the school which grew and grew until there were some fifty children in it. She had, still has, though she has given up teaching now, a perfect genius for understanding and managing small children. I continued for some time to give them lessons in elocution and poetry. They weren't, I'm afraid, very conventional lessons according to the standards of those days, but I certainly enjoyed them and I really think they did, too. But I had one great difficulty, *i.e.*, that of finding suitable poems for the younger children to recite. I made an anthology of my own, which was made up of verses from many sources. Many of these I now find included in some of the excellent anthologies which have been published for the use of teachers in recent years. But even so I found it difficult to get just what I wanted and I was reduced to writing little poems and dialogues for the children to recite. That's how "Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden" came to be written, and "If" and many more things.

I remember showing the first, which is, I think, the best known of all my verses, to a very well-known teacher of elocution whom I met at a vacation course for teachers and I remember also his slightly contemptuous and superior comments. He certainly didn't think much of my efforts which were presented with a good deal of diffidence. But there was a very charming woman teacher taking the course, Miss Margaret McCrae, and she it was whose enthusiastic appreciation induced me to send my first poem to "Punch." Lady Adams, at that time Mrs. Adams, whose literary work is well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, was there, too, with her professor husband, and she, too, encouraged me to feel that my attempts were worthwhile. And that's how it all really began.

I've kept on writing things for children and about children,

partly because I seem to see things so often from that point of view, partly because I have my bread and butter to earn and publishers and editors encourage me with praise and pennies.

"How do you think of these things?"

People are always asking me that question. I find it difficult to answer. The original inspiration, the *kernel* so to speak of the matter, comes to me at the oddest times. In bed in the morning, or in my bath, or on a bus (I wrote a complete little poem not long ago on the back of a tradesman's bill sitting on the top of a London bus) or at a concert. Sometimes something I happen to see will give me an idea, sometimes the chance remark of a friend or a stranger. But the working out of the idea has to be done steadily, as a rule, and with all the concentration I can muster.

My book "Letty," which is not meant for children at all, is almost entirely autobiographical. I remember so well what I felt like when I was a little girl and about a good many things I still feel the same. I had one rather solemn relative who used to be much annoyed by what he called my "silliness." He thought that "a woman with a certain amount of brains," as he flatteringly designated me, ought to be above taking pleasure in foolish fancies and childish delights. I shall never forget his astonished — "And do you mean to say that people will *pay* you for these things?" when that fact was borne in upon his practical and pragmatical mind. But I certainly went up one. I had a delicious collection of old children's books. I don't think anything could be found which more clearly shows the difference in the attitude of the adult toward the child then and now.

Some day I mean to come to America and I shall bring those books with me and read from them — I hope — as I now read from them to many audiences here, and you shall laugh at their quaint lack of humour, and cry almost at their cruel lack of understanding. But I hope you won't have the same idea as a lady to whom I once showed them.

"I suppose," she said, "that it is from these that you get your ideas for your poems!"

THE MOUND BUILDERS

By Warren King Moorehead

IN recent years certain of our states have established public parks around old mound builder remains. Particularly is this true in Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. At Lewistown, Illinois, Dr. Don Dickson has established one of the most interesting and unique exhibits,

The Walls of Fort Ancient, Ohio; the largest ancient earthwork in the world. Explored by W. K. Moorehead

not merely in this country, but of the entire world. He found an ancient Indian cemetery on his father's farm, and instead of removing these skeletons and accompanying objects and placing them in exhibition cases, he left them in the ground and built a large structure over the remains. His latest map sent to me shows two hundred and twenty-eight ancient mound builder skeletons lying as found, and with them are the old pottery vessels, necklaces of beads, war hatchets, eating spoons of shell, pipes, and many other interesting objects. From a gallery a few feet above the large pit,

visitors may look down upon this unusual exhibit and obtain in a few moments a correct understanding of burial customs of the prehistoric Indians. I would strongly advise readers of this article, in motoring through the middle West to be sure and stop at Lewistown, Illinois, and visit Dr. Dickson's museum.

Throughout the Mississippi Valley and the South are numerous extensive earthworks and mounds which were erected by our early Indians. The earth was carried up in baskets, or skins, and the construction of some of these larger monuments required the labor of some thousands of Indians for a considerable length of time.

We have not space in this brief article to enter into any detail, but suffice it to say that the remains are of several kinds. There are single mounds in which burials were made. There are larger mounds on which sun temples, or the cabins of chiefs, were placed. The earthworks themselves may be squares, circles, or irregular fortifications enclosing as much as one hundred acres.

The first settlers in the Mississippi Valley marvelled at these remains, and considered them ancient even at that time, because on them grew large oak, beech, or walnut trees. Our

An earth mound in Southern Illinois before exploration

early pioneers knew that these monuments were not erected by the Indians of the historic period except in the far South. Surrounding the mounds, or within the enclosures, we find village sites — where the people lived. Frequently we can locate the position of wigwams because of ash pits or burned floors. Ashes have a decided preservative quality, and from these were obtained the awls and sewing needles used by the women, carbonized food, bone tools, stone implements employed in daily life, and many other objects, all of which give us clues as to the manner of life of stone age people. In some sections of the country there are cemeteries in which the bodies were placed in stone cists, or rude coffins composed of large limestone slabs. This is particularly true in the middle South. It should be observed that burial customs of the Indians vary in different parts of the country.

In the mounds themselves, especially in southern Ohio, the Tennessee-Cumberland valleys of the middle South, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas, we find highest art objects buried alongside of persons of distinction. That is, certain of the ancient tribes were in what we term the Neolithic age, and they possessed artistic ability which is evinced in their carvings portraying life, both animal and human. They engraved upon shells pictures of chiefs, sometimes stamped these upon sheets of copper, and their women had developed a very creditable potter's art.

We are frequently asked with reference to the age of the mound builders. No one can answer this, but De Soto in 1541 found Indians in the South living on mounds. Whether the Northern mound builders were destroyed by the Iroquois we do not know. It is now supposed that mound building in the Ohio Valley had ceased about the year 1600, but we are not certain.

Unfortunately for readers living in the East, there are no mounds or fortifications. Those who are able to take motor trips, however, are advised to visit Fort Ancient and the Serpent Mound, both in the State of Ohio. The former is the largest prehistoric earthwork in the world, is located

on a high hill overlooking the Miami River, and is a most beautiful and picturesque spot. The latter, located in Adams County, Ohio, consists of an enormous serpent, eleven hundred feet in length, carefully restored by Professor Putnam, and constitutes a remarkable sight to be appreciated by young and old alike. The State has erected an observation tower by means of which you may climb up fifty feet and thus obtain a bird's-eye view of this evidence of serpent

Narrow panel of animal bones found on village site near burial mound. Pottery vessels found in burial mound. Arrow and spear head and knives from camp site

worship. These impressive monuments, covered as most of them are by majestic trees, appeal to one's imagination.

The reports which tell of excavations and what has been found are rather uninteresting reading, yet it is well that those who are not able to visit the parks at least examine some of the models on exhibition in our larger museums. Here at Andover we have set up two stone graves which we brought from Georgia, and in them we have placed the skeleton, beads, idol and other objects exactly as found.

Visitors are welcome; the museum is open Monday morning to noon Saturday each week. At the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, there are also models which will afford a fairly good idea of Indian life, and the same is true of public museums in New York, Washington, Columbus, Chicago, and elsewhere. However, the ancient remains themselves are much more picturesque and interesting than these "set exhibits" in the museums, and I therefore urge all who can to be sure and see the parks briefly mentioned in this article. It is well that you contrast in your mind the simple stone age life of these people of long ago with our modern, highly complex, and advanced civilization.

Editor's Note: — Mr. Warren King Moorehead is Director of the Department of American Archæology, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

ANCIENT AMERICA — A BOOK LIST

By Maria S. Read

ALTHOUGH only two books are listed under the heading of Romance — yet they all are full of romance. The romance of facts, which the scientists and explorers are revealing to the world, today. If these men are doubting the miracles of the Church, they are at least showing us the miracles of Science. Men — "bold and persistent and curious explorers and fighters of death" — who tell us of "that new world, which is the old." Those who love adventure, courage, and perseverance will bow before these pioneers — and Youth may catch some of the spirit of those who dare to follow trails.

These trails lead one to stray among the well-known paths of history, art, and other "outward and visible signs," of what we call civilization.

But though the paths are familiar, the peoples are strange. The Book List invites us to make discoveries for ourselves.

TRAVEL AND DISCOVERY

Willard, T. A. The City of the Sacred Well. *Century* 1926 $4.00
Travel, adventure, education — three in one.
Yucatan, with many illustrations.

Blom, Frans. Tribes and Temples. *Tulane University* 1925 12.00
A Record of the Expedition to Middle America, conducted by the Tulane University of Louisiana.
Many fine illustrations. 2 vols.

Gann, Thomas. F. R. G. S. In an Unknown Land. *Scribner* 1924 5.00
Travels and illustrations along the coast of Yucatan — through dangers and difficulties to fascinating discoveries of the great Maya civilization.

Gann, Thomas. F. R. G. S. Mystery Cities. *Scribner* 1924 5.00
Do you like adventure, and mystery with real history?
Read this book about Central America!

Gann, Thomas. F. R. G. S. Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes. *Scribner* 1926 5.00
Fully illustrated.
A very human account of some expeditions among the Maya lands, illuminating and revolutionizing history.

Gann, Thomas. F. R. G. S. MAYA CITIES. *Scribner* 1928 5.00
A book of cities lived in by the author, who takes us back in them to a civilization — "one of the greatest the world has ever known."

Gann, Thomas. F. R. G. S. DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA. *Scribner* 1929 5.00
The latest book by Dr. Gann, who brings dead civilizations back to life, for those who will read but may not go to see.

Mason, Gregory. SILVER CITIES OF YUCATAN. *Putnam* 3.50
The story of an exploring expedition.

Uhle, Dr. Max. PACHACAMAC (A city of Yucatan). *Univ. of Penn. Museum* 7.00
Report of the William Pepper, M.D., LL.D., Peruvian Expedition of 1896, describing the city in great detail.
Twenty plates in phototype.

HISTORY, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

Verrill, A. Hyatt. OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD. *Bobbs Merrill* 1929 5.00
With illustrations from photographs and drawings and Bibliography. A comprehensive, untechnical but authoritative book for youth and age. An excellent popular volume through which one may approach the great primitive races of the Americas.

Palgrave, Prof. Thomas. PRE-COLUMBIAN CONDITIONS ON THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA. *Leipsic*
One of the most important books on the subject.

Thompson, J. Eric. THE CIVILIZATIONS OF THE MAYAS. *Field Museum, Chicago* .75
Illustrated pamphlet on the Mayas, by the Assistant Curator of Mexican and South American Archæology.

Morris, A. A. BEFORE COLUMBUS WAS AMERICA. *Horn Book*, May, 1929 .35
A short, but very informing article on both general and special subjects including the Inca Empire, the Mayas, Toltecs and Aztecs.

Gordon, G. B. THE BOOK OF CHILAM BALAM OF CHUMAYEL. *Univ. Penn. Museum* 7.00
Historical writings of certain Mayan priests.
Reproductions.

Biart, Lucien (translation). THE AZTECS, THEIR HISTORY, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. *McClurg* 3.00
Full of accurate information and history.

Emmons, G. T. THE TAHLTAN INDIANS. *Univ. Penn. Museum* 3.50
"These Indians form the southwesternmost division of the Nahane; a 'People of the West' who roam over Northern British Columbia and adjacent Northwest Territories."

Farabee, William Curtis. THE CENTRAL CARIBS. *Univ. Penn. Museum* 10.00
South American Expedition of 1913-1916.
"First detailed account of these South American tribes."

THE DEPARTMENT OF MIDDLE AMERICAN RESEARCH — ITS ACTIVITIES AND ITS AIMS. *Tulane Univ. of Louisiana* No price given
"The object of the Expedition was to traverse the country in South Mexico, Guatemala and Yucatan, following the progress of the ancient Maya civilization."

Eastman, C. A. THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN. *Houghton* 1.50
An Indian writes impressively of the religion of the race; "the religious life of the typical American Indian as it was before he knew the white man."

Coolidge, Mary Roberts. THE RAIN MAKERS. *Houghton* 4.00
Illustrated.
An accurate picture of present-day Indians of Arizona and New Mexico — but with customs noted in Primitive America.

Harrington, M. R. SACRED BUNDLES OF THE SAC AND FOX INDIANS. *Univ. Penn. Museum* 3.50
These bundles are made up of charms, amulets, many kinds of fetishes found mostly in Oklahoma and Iowa. Description and very good illustrations.

Moorehead, Warren K. A REPORT ON THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF MAINE WITH WORK AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN. *Andover Press* 4.00

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Totten, G. O. MAYA ARCHITECTURE. *Maya Press* 25.00
A history and discussion with 294 illustrations. Eight plates in color, half tones and drawings. Prof. Alfred M. Tozzer of Harvard University in *The Saturday Review of Literature:* "I know of no single book where a better survey of the whole field of Maya Archæology can be obtained."

Lehmann, Walter. THE ART OF OLD PERU. *Weyhe* 1924 27.00
This splendid book is made to appeal "not only to the narrow circle of specialists, but also to all friends of true art." Filled with illustrations, a number of them colored — of architecture, modeled work in clay, stone, wood, vase paintings, gold and silver work as well as textiles.

Gordon, G. B. EXAMPLES OF MAYA POTTERY. *Univ. of Penn.* Part I 66.00
Twenty-five colored plates of pottery in collections in Europe and America. A feast for the eyes, as well as an eye-opener.

Morris, E. H. THE BEGINNINGS OF POTTERY MAKING IN THE SAN JUAN AREA — UNFIRED PROTOTYPES AND THE WARES OF THE EARLIEST CERAMIC PERIOD.
Pamphlet of the American Museum of Natural History 1.00

Westlake, Inez B. AMERICAN INDIAN DESIGNS. *Perleberg* 13.50
Thirty-six plates (sixteen in color). Containing two hundred designs from Prehistoric Times to Modern with explanatory index.

Moorehead, Warren K. STONE ORNAMENTS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. *Andover Press* 5.00
The result of many years of study filled with illustrations and descriptions.

Smith, G. Elliot. ELEPHANTS AND ETHNOLOGISTS. *Kegan Paul* 6.00
These elephants are elephants to one or are changed to various other animals, according to one's ethnological fancy.

Kroeber, A. L. ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPLORATIONS IN PERU — PART I. ANCIENT POTTERY FROM TRUJILLO.
Field Museum of Natural History 2.50

ROMANCE

Prescott, William H. CONQUEST OF MEXICO. *Burt* 2.50
"A masterpiece of clear, well arranged historical narration based on careful and diligent study of all available sources."—*A. L. A. Booklist.*

CONQUEST OF PERU. *Burt* 2.50
An authentic book full of romance, about an unfamiliar time and people.

Janvier, Thomas A. AZTEC TREASURE HOUSE. *Harper* 2.00
A romance of today founded on a treasure hunt where customs are those of an ancient civilization. Juvenile.

Harper, Theodore A. and Winifred. FORGOTTEN GODS. *Doubleday* 2.00
A story of today with the lost civilization of the Mayas and their land as background. Juvenile.

Thompson, Edward. CHILDREN OF THE CAVE. *Jones* 2.00
Children of today living in caves during a Mexican Revolution are brought in touch with ancient Mayan history. Good historical background for a rather unsuccessful story. Juvenile.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY

Published by Archæological Institute of America. Single copy .75
This authoritative magazine with its varied expert articles, finely illustrated, will enable one to keep in touch with the great adventures of the past through articles by great adventurers of today.

The following numbers are of special interest to our "Ancient America" readers and contain more thrills than the movies for the teen-age boy and girl.

July, 1914. MASTERPIECES OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ART — STUCCO. Illustrated. William H. Holmes.

November, 1914. MASTERPIECES OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ART — MOSAIC. Illustrated. William H. Holmes.

February, 1916. MASTERPIECES OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ART — SCULPTURE IN THE ROUND. Illustrated. William H. Holmes. Fourteen illustrations.

May, 1916. OLDEST DATED AMERICAN MONUMENT. GUATEMALIAN POTTERY. William H. Holmes.

December, 1916. AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL NUMBER. SPECIAL.

July, 1917. LA CASA DEL ADIVINO UXMAL, YUCATAN. William H. Holmes.

September, 1917. FAIR VIEW HOUSE. A PURE TYPE OF PUEBLO RUIN. J. W. Fewkes.

November, 1917. REALISM IN THE ART OF ANCIENT PERU. P. A. Means.

December, 1919. MASTERPIECES OF ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ART. WORK OF THE GOLDSMITH. William H. Holmes.

January, 1920. NATIVE AMERICAN ESTHETICS. WHOLE NUMBER.

February, 1920. THE AMERICAN INDIAN. WHOLE NUMBER.

August, 1923. AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY NUMBER.

October, 1924. THE ART OF THE MAYAS. Dudley S. Corlett.

March, 1927. CULTURAL EVOLUTION IN GUATEMALA. Manuel Garnio.

January, 1928. SPECIAL MIDDLE AMERICAN NUMBER.

December, 1928. MASTERPIECES OF MAYA ART. Frans Blom.

March, 1929. THE DISTINCTLY AMERICAN ART OF THE MAYA. Frank Banker.
ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF UTAH. Levi E. Young.

IT IS NOT EASY[1]

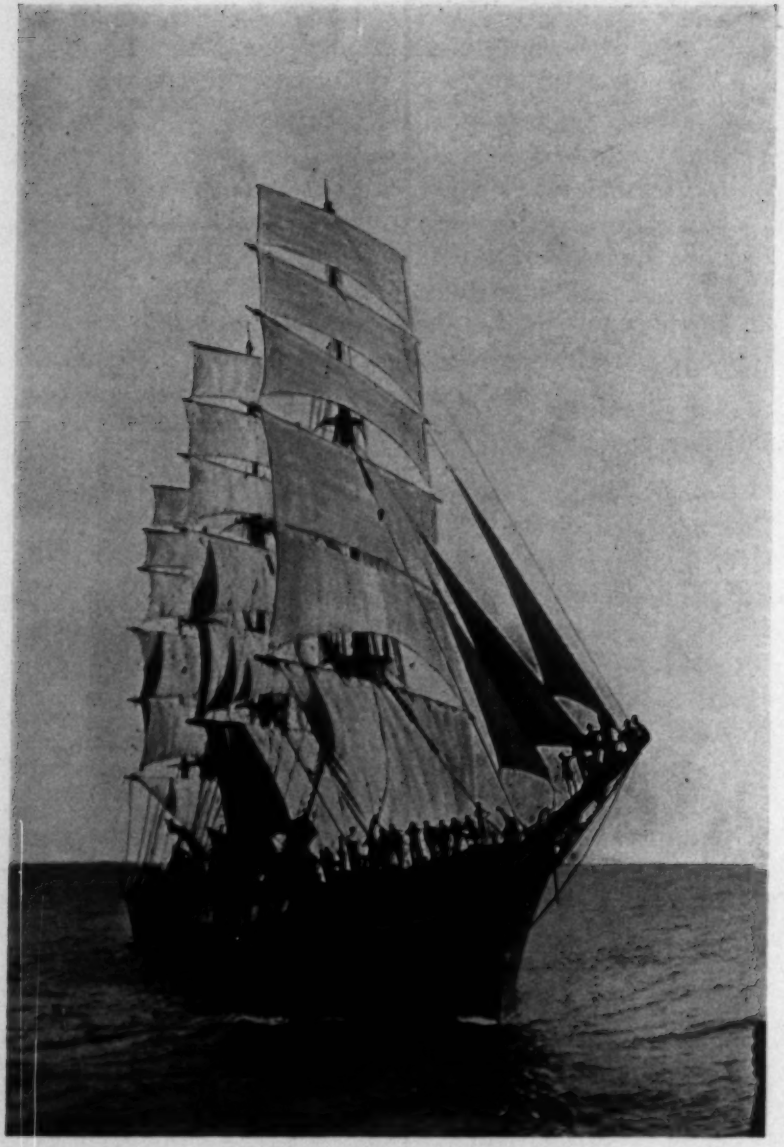
By Elizabeth Coatsworth

It is not easy, the harvest of the ocean,
Not like wheat to be reaped in a long hot day
With cider under the hedge, not like potatoes
To be dug for, leaning down to finger the clay,
Not like apples, or almonds, with ladders leaning
Against the fruit-filled boughs, not like milk and cream
Drumming into a pail at dawn and evening,
Not like watercress gathered in the current of a stream, —

No, for fishing a man must be strong-armed and strong-hearted,
Dawn and dark he must harness the wind, he must rein
The unbroken wind to his plow, and his furrow
Over his own head may close rolling again.
Rain and sleet he must bear blinded and rocking,
He must fight through long nights when the winds cut like flails,
Haul at the lines, and hold to the tiller,
And struggle, half-frozen, with storm-maddened sails.

It is not easy, the harvest of the ocean,
A hard life have its gleaners, and one often cut short,
But they reap without sowing, which is sweet to wild natures,
And it is as conquerors that they storm into port:
A hard life, but not dull like the life of the farmyard
(The rutted long struggle with the niggardly ground)
The sailors go out to the curve of the ocean —
And their field has no hedge, and their road has no bound!

[1]From "Compass Rose," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, in Coward McCann's "Songs of Today Series." 1929. $1.00.



THE "HERZOGIN CECILIE"

From "Falmouth for Orders," Henry Holt

ADVENTURE

THE greatest adventures of all are the adventures of the spirit. There is a story by Dr. L. P. Jacks in which a shepherd, just a little mad, explains his love for the stars. "To appreciate the stars," says the shepherd, "a man must get out of his skin." The spiritual adventure does not depend upon years. It is had by boys and girls as well as by men and women. It depends upon the ability to get out of one's skin, — upon the ability to give oneself wholly to enlarging and ennobling experience. One may loosen the moorings of one's spirit by a long look across the sea to the horizon line and up the curve of the sky; by a deep look up at the mountains; by a patient searching gaze upon the stars. Through books one may not only pick up anchor, and loosen moorings, but sail away anywhere.

"There is no frigate like a ship
To take us leagues away."

And no ship will give us a more satisfyingly adventurous voyage than the great steel Finnish square-rigger, the "Herzogin Cecilie," as A. J. Villiers reproduces it for us in his "Falmouth for Orders." It will be to many more exciting book-voyaging than "Two Years Before the Mast." That I believe is because its young author gave himself completely to the experience by signing on as an A.B. in the "Herzogin Cecilie's" crew. So that he experienced with his body and spirit all the ups and downs of that three months' voyage from Port Lincoln, Australia, to Falmouth, England.

Mr. Villiers had been to sea before and he longed to make one more voyage before the day of tall ships was entirely passed. In England he heard that the "Cecilie" was at Port Lincoln. He had sailed with her captain before and he made haste to join the ship in the Australian port.

There, strange to say, in that small seaport he found not only the flagship of the greatest sailing fleet left in the

world, but also the great Swedish "Beatrice." Both ships were loading with wheat. Both were bound to Falmouth for orders.

The people of Port Lincoln were thrilled with the event and insisted that the two great ships should race. The captains took little interest in this plan. Why, they said, in these days of steam should the great ship of sail hasten from her home the sea into the port which cared nothing for her and through which she might find herself bound for the scrap heap? But the people would have the race. They saw to it that in spite of difference of cargo space both ships were ready at the same time.

On January —, 1927, then, both beautiful great ships sailed out of Port Lincoln within a few hours of each other, the "Beatrice" leaving first.

Captain Von Cloux of the Finnish ship chose the route around Cape Horn; and we live through the terrific storms of this region with the spirited young crew as they struggle with the great sails way up on the yards in black nights of wind, sleet and rain.

Souls on board the "Herzogin Cecilie" numbered twenty-six and the average age was nineteen. Nineteen boys did what ninety boys used to do when the great ship was one of Germany's training ships. But the "Herzogin Cecilie" was a training ship still, for the Scandinavian countries believe that men who are to officer great steamships should today have training in sail. So the seventeen ships in Captain Gustaf Erikson's Finnish fleet are all used for training. The "Beatrice," too, received a subsidy from the Swedish government for training service.

And when at last, after ninety-six days at sea, the "Herzogin Cecilie" reached the coast of England near Falmouth and asked for her orders by wireless to save making the harbor, no orders were forthcoming. So in the big ship went to Falmouth Bay, dropped her anchor and spent the hours necessary to get a harbor stow on all the sails, and then — out came a little towboat with orders for her

to put to sea again and deliver her wheat at Cardiff! There was a stowaway on the "Herzogin Cecilie," — a girl who *had* to make a sailing ship voyage. You must read the book to know about her. And also to learn which ship won the race.

But now having been so long on the sea let's be off to India with "Kullu of the Carts," by John Eyton. Where will you find such another youngster as Drew's friend, Kullu, son of Chhotu, — a small boy so full of humor, resourcefulness and sense? Drew Bartle, son of an English father and Hindu mother, with the dark skin of India and a love for its ways, has long dreamed of taking to the roads, of ceasing to be Drew Bartle and becoming "Nubby Bux." On the day before he is due to go away to school, he joins himself to a bullock cart, the last in the line, driven by a boy of eight, — Kullu of the carts. Kullu accepts Drew as one of themselves, refuses the name "Nubby Bux" as being of the city. "In the city there are three of the name of Nabhi Bukkus in every street, but none on the road, and few in the fields," and suddenly he names Drew "Durroo."

That evening when the carts draw up to the *serai* for supper and rest for the night, the boys are fast friends and the scene where "Durroo," under the guidance of Kullu, wins a place with the carts and a rupee by making the stern Chhotu, Kullu's father, smile, is worthy of "Tom Sawyer." But Drew is wrested away from his friend by the family butler in the night while both boys sleep, and goes the next day to his school. There as an Eurasian he has not too happy a time and longs for the carts and his friend. But there comes a day when in a wild swift fight in the swimming tank, Drew plays havoc with his mates:

"Now! Wallop right in the middle of 'em and quick under. Leave 'em to duck each other till they find out their mistake. Swim . . . swim as you've never swum before, all under water, till your finger tips . . . touch . . . the steps.

"Good.

"Now very quietly . . . wiggle . . . out . . . just . . . like . . . an old mugger on his . . . tummy and . . . quick! Heave a boot at the gas!

"Great! Got it in one . . .

"Now shove in the bench on top of 'em. Over she goes!

"Now, the door. Take the key — Oh, come *out,* key! — slip out, lock the beastly — Oh, go *in,* key — door, and . . .

"Done 'em! Done 'em brown!"

And after this wild episode, he escapes — and there — right there inside the school wall — is his friend Kullu to help him away again to the life of the carts and the road.

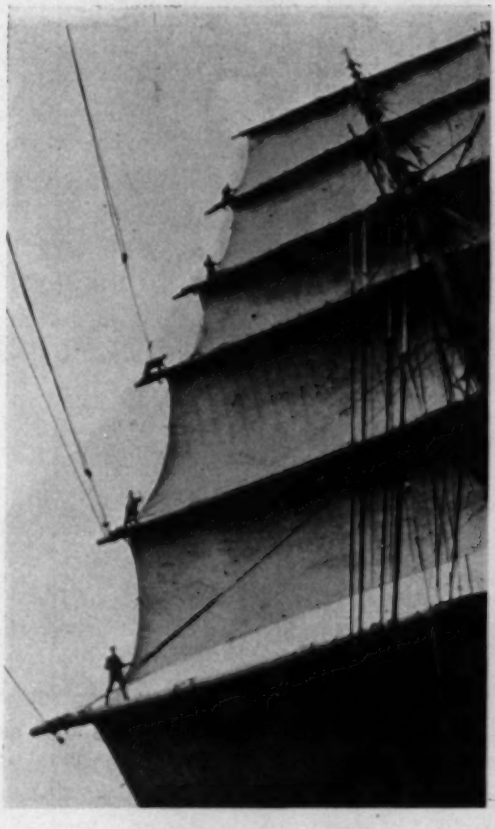
If you have never read "Kim," read "Kullu of the Carts" first and then "Kim," and your pleasure and understanding of Kipling's fine story will be all the greater. We have now a group of books out of India, all well-written by people who are of or who have lived in the country: — "Kari the Elephant," "Hari the Jungle Boy," "Jungle Beasts and Men," "Gay Neck" and "Ghond the Hunter," all by Mukerji; Flora Annie Steel's "The Adventures of Akbar," Kipling's "Kim" and John Eyton's "Kullu of the Carts."

We have, too, a small group of finely written stories of the desert, "The Lance of Kanana," by Harry W. French, "In the Endless Sands," by Evelyn and C. Kay Scott, to which was added last November "The Boy of the Desert," by Eunice Tietjens. Mrs. Tietjens, whose two volumes of verse are known to many, lived for some time with her children in Northern Africa, not far from the ancient site of Carthage. She has told the story of Abdul Aziz, an Arab boy when he lived in Hammamet, a town of Tunisia, when he joined his mother's Bedouin tribe, and when he came at last to Nefta, the Pearl of the Desert, with its beautiful gardens. Before Nefta, Abdul Aziz has his fill of adventures with the wild-riding, wandering people. "The Boy of the Desert" has beauty of form as well as true content.

Adventures of the spirit do not wait upon those who guard themselves too carefully either from people, life or books. If you like your friends to be all alike; if you enjoy knowing just what will happen next; if you go always searching among books for a mystery story, or always for a book on airplanes or always for a love story; if you do not

naturally pave the way for chance encounters, adventure will be likely to elude you.

Adventure in books, as in life, comes largely to those who will read every kind. To such a reader there is a new book to be published this fall with interest as wide as the world. In "Cease Firing," you get a very real glimpse of life on three continents and eight countries today, and in each of the book's seven good stories, some phase of the League of Nations' work is shown. The League itself is a spiritual adventure, and its history will be as great and grand as the spirit of the world permits. It is a vision become fact before most of us are ready for it. While great governmental changes come usually only when public opinion has grown familiar with them and wills them, the League has become an actuality while a large part of the world knows little of its life and purposes, — and no part of the world less, perhaps, than the land where the idea was born. "Cease Firing" presents in very concrete form of story and incident some definite League work which is affecting the lives and fortunes of boys and girls and men and women everywhere. The signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact is an important inci-



Boys of the Yards of the "Herzogin Cecilie"

dent of the last story, the one weak one in the book, — but well worth its place there, nevertheless. The book is written by Winifred Hulbert.

"The Fo'c'sle" where "The Outermost House" was written

A long taste of loneliness may be a rich adventure. Anything, in fact, to which you give yourself wholly. The mad shepherd gave himself to the stars. Mr. Villiers gave himself up body and spirit to the "Herzogin Cecilie," only to find himself again in a book through which many will share his adventure. Eunice Tietjens gave herself to the life of the desert. John Eyton to the life of the Indian road. Henry Beston gave himself to a year's living alone on the sand dunes beyond Eastham, at the edge of the sea. And there he watched waves, winds, birds, and everything his eyes could see or his senses feel. And he, too, has found himself again in a book which will prove a delight for reading and re-reading by those who love the sea, the beauty of nature in lonely places and the thrill of weather in close-up contacts, through the twelve months of the "sun's pilgrimage." In and out of these delightful essays move the surfmen of the Nauset coast guard station on their long nightly patrols. Some mention is made, too, of the winter's wrecks. But these are only under and overtones in the vividly clear pictures of nature's elements, joyfully experienced and sincerely and skillfully recorded.

B. E. M.

BOOKS REVIEWED ABOVE

Falmouth for Orders, by A. J. Villiers	*Holt*	$3.50
Kullu of the Carts, by John Eyton	*Bobbs Merrill*	2.50
Boy of the Desert, by Eunice Tietjens	*Coward McCann*	2.50
Cease Firing, by Winifred Hulbert	*Macmillan*	1.50
The Outermost House — Life on the Great Beach of Cape Cod, by Henry B. Beston	*Doubleday*	3.00

WHO CAN TELL IT BEST?

By Alida Malkus

Drawing by Ruth King for "Timber Line," by Mrs. Malkus (Harcourt)

WHO can tell it best? That is one of the most debatable points in historical writing. When to say it yourself, and when to have the characters get it across. When can the characters of a story best tell of their own life and environment, and when shall the arbitrary author take the words out of their mouths?

The editor of the Horn Book has most kindly allowed me space to discuss some points of workmanship in the three books so ably reviewed in the last issue of this magazine by Mary M. Davis. Mrs. Davis has given a résumé of the story of each book both generously and well. She describes them in words that to the author sound quite alluring, only to conclude that: "Caravans" "lacks life," "Raquel of the Ranch Country" does not make one "feel the tingle of the free life of the saddle," the "Dragon Fly of Zuñi," like the others, is delayed in the main flow of the story by detail and description.

Let me say at once that I am thoroughly aware of my weakness for detail and description, especially where they bear upon the life of a people, and I thoroughly agree with Mrs. Davis that superfluous words do not improve style. They are the deadliest hindrance to it. Yet many critics at least as distinguished as Mrs. Davis have liked and enjoyed the descriptions, even to the pottery making in Zuñi. Of course personal predilection is going to count a good deal in the kind of story we like, and the way of its telling.

One young reader who becomes lost as to plot, revels in the account of the clothes, food and manners, not to mention the furnishings, in "Caravans" and "The Dragon Fly of Zuñi." My own father, a scholar who loves adventure and the picaresque, the kinetic, to the point of being impatient of detail, read "Caravans" with unflagging interest, unimpeded by description. The New York *Herald-Tribune*

Alida Malkus

found it "a thoroughly readable narrative," the *Times* spoke of the swiftly moving story, *St. Nicholas'* youthful critic thought the story was "told in a style as vivid as the subject matter," while in the Southwest Dallas said, while "Caravan's" "most obvious fault was strange Spanish words and localisms," it was "a beacon of good work," and "the characters move in lively pageant through the volume." Santa Fé found it lively, a vivid picture, and an accurate one.

What group must the story-teller heed? Mrs. Davis herself uses these words in her review of "Caravans to Santa Fé": "Reflecting the glamour of Spain. — The 750-mile trip was beset by every hazard of those perilous days — they defied death on the parched desert—intrigue, torture by Indians, jealousy. Yet," she concludes, "in place of swift action, which would whirl the reader through the pages in a glow of adventure, the mind lags."

Rather than becoming absorbed in the straight continuous action of a plot (for there are already thousands of swiftly moving stories), I have attempted to recreate the background and daily life of the people in my stories in order to preserve them. Zuñi was not known, and to make the Pueblos known seemed to me well worth while. Cooper, Scott, and others, gave much time to the daily life of their historical characters, assuming that if an Indian was tracking an enemy it was worth while tracking with him and learning how he did it.

So pottery making is an important part of the life of Pueblo women (as well as being one of the few indigenous arts of this country) and the ceremony in its making most poetic. The delays that Mrs. Davis speaks of in the flow of action are characteristic of the Pueblo Indians, who are a reserved people, ceremonial to a degree, with a vast respect for their own institutions.

Perhaps the account of housecleaning does halt the story in Zuñi where, Mrs. Davis says, one has just become interested in what is going to happen to Lalio, the boy accused of witchcraft, when one is sidetracked by his sister's activities. It seems to me that life is like that. The drama and suspense of real life are all heightened by the delays and interruptions that occur naturally. Living goes on in the house of death, there are meals to be prepared, and one must suffer suspense while waiting the report of the missing on the ship on which a member of the family sailed.

No one could possibly have done anything to aid Lalio till the clan which had him imprisoned should come out of

the secret council chamber. Lolo'itsi, the mother, starts impulsively to go down into the street, but stops when Blue Feather, Squash Blossom's suitor, arrives, for he may be able to help them. (Mrs. Davis's comment shows me that I should have put this very sentence into the book.) Having regained her usual self-control the mother tells her plan for the rescue of her boy. They must bide their time.

Drawing by Lyle Justis for "Pirate's Port." Harper

He has already been subjected to torture, but suspense is not ended for worse would have come. That Lalio had confessed to a crime that he "did not, could not commit," to quote Mrs. Davis, is also a natural happening, a characteristic of the Pueblo Indian or of human nature for that matter. The Pueblos are not the only superstitious peoples, though they still believe in witchcraft, and are masters in the art of suggestion. They are a deliberate, slow people, with infinite respect for their own institutions, their priesthood.

In rereading Zuñi I found I had failed to make two points in that first chapter. I did not have Squash Blossom and her brother dispose of the ceremonial masks they had stolen, and I did not say that Lalio was the "swiftest runner in Zuñi" and was depending on his speed to escape. Much might have been made of that, I think. — Mrs. Davis, however, says not a word of what seemed to me most impressive. The story reveals the peculiar institutions of the Zuñi and their ancient knowledge, not in the cold manner of an ethnological paper, but warmly, as they have survived in a prehistoric race, the sole representatives of the great Mayan culture, and as they affect the living, breathing, secret daily life of the Zuñis.

The Atoshle God and Goddess who make their visit on the eve of the greatest festival of the year, the Shalako, are the official conscience of the Pueblo. They publicly admonish and reprove both old and young for their misbehaviour. It has a wonderful effect. Squash Blossom, by being permitted to enact the rôle of the Goddess, is able publicly to denounce the thief who has brought all the trouble upon her brother. Through the use of the drug, Aneglakaya, the root of the jimson weed, Squash Blossom's suitor had previously forced the culprit to confess, before the clan members, his false accusations against Lalio.

A little primitive community that mirrors all the types of human beings which any society knows, Zuñi, it seems to me, is remarkable in that all live together, communally, in the original apartment house, governing themselves so well and so democratically that it is but rarely that the outside world knows what stirs beneath the surface of their placid days. It was something of this that I tried to reveal in "The

Drawing by Lyle Justis for "Pirate's Port." Harper

Dragon Fly of Zuñi," rather than to keep, by conscious artifice, direct on the trail of a plot.

I must confess that I would not know how to convey the delights, "the tingle of the free life of the saddle," if I have failed to do so in "Raquel." The joy one takes in flying over the ranges, the oneness with your horse that comes from perfect coördination of movement, leaves me unconscious of being ahorse, occupied only with the country and my destination. Yet if "the capture and taming of the wild horse leaves a glow in the heart of every Westerner," I've gotten over *something* of what I myself have felt.

And this brings me back to the injunction to make the reader "see, feel, and draw breath in the Southwest, more by the swift action of the characters, and less by the deliberate description of the pen." Ah, that, I am afraid, is what only rare good judgment, gift, or experience, can determine — when to say it yourself, and when, or how, to have your characters tell it. The only thing that I have a profound conviction upon is, that it *was* worth the telling.

Drawing by Ruth King for "Timber Line." Harcourt

Illustrations for this article are taken from Mrs. Malkus's two new fall books: —

PIRATE'S PORT — A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK	*Harper*	$2.00
TIMBER LINE	*Harcourt*	2.00

The books to which the article refers are: —

THE DRAGON FLY OF ZUÑI	*Harcourt*	2.50
CARAVANS TO SANTA FÉ	*Harper*	2.00
RAQUEL OF THE RANCH COUNTRY	*Harcourt*	2.00

Drawing from "Memoirs of a Donkey." Macmillan

WHERE ARE THE DONKEYS?

AS the Horn Book goes to press, Eeyore, Rumswiddle, Cadichon, and Son of Satan have been putting their heads together and discussing the prospects of their contest. When the Horn Book appears, the contest will have begun. Eeyore is very pessimistic. He says it may have begun, but what is the use of beginning if there are no donkeys there? How will any one know it has begun? Rumswiddle says all contests open with a flourish, that there never was a contest that didn't, and that they needn't pride themselves that theirs will be extraordinary in any way. Cadichon, the learned donkey, has been looking up "contest" and "begun" in "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." He finds "contest" means "earnest dispute," "strife in argument," "controversy," "debate." This made all the donkeys wiggle their ears. It was not what they had been led to expect. "Begun" just says, "See begin." This puzzled them, too. Son of Satan said if "contest" really did mean "earnest dispute" that it looked to him as if it had begun already, for that

seemed to be what they were doing. Eeyore said that wouldn't do at all for it wasn't scheduled to begin until August 19, and that they would just have to stop it somehow. The more Cadichon consulted the dictionary the worse things got. He found that "contest" could even mean "battle," "conflict," "combat." He said of course that was the reason no donkeys had come. Donkeys were sensible, peaceloving animals and they always had been. Finally they decided if no donkeys had arrived by 5 P.M., August 24, they would postpone the whole thing for at least a year, during which time Cadichon would try to find the right word to use to bring the donkeys together instead of frightening them away. The meeting then adjourned.

E. W.

(*Editor's Note:* — It is necessary to explain to our readers that the Donkey Contest was planned by Cadichon,[1] Rumswiddle,[2] Eeyore,[3] and Son of Satan,[4] donkeys famous in fiction, to be held at the Bookshop from August 19 to 31. The May number of the Horn Book gave the requirements of the contestants and the awards to be made. The November number will report the outcome. The above communication is printed simply to let our readers know that there is some uncertainty about the success of the affair.)

Drawing from "Memoirs of a Donkey." Macmillan

[1] "Memoirs of a Donkey," by Comtesse de Segur	*Macmillan*	$1.00
[2] "Abdullah and His Donkey," by KOS	*Macmillan*	2.00
[3] "Winnie-the-Pooh," by A. A. Milne	*Dutton*	2.00
[4] "Boy of the Desert," by Eunice Tietjens	*Coward*	2.50

A POET FOR DONKEYS

IN her "Six French Poets," Miss Amy Lowell writes of Francis Jammes,[1] a poet who loves all animals but "apparently dogs and donkeys best." His "Pensée des Jardins" (published 1906) "ends with seven poems called 'Some Donkeys.' Christ's donkey is here, and Sancho Panza's, and Beatrice's; there is a learned donkey, and a donkey who has been beaten; and finally there is the gardener's donkey, so packed with vegetables that he looks like an ambulatory garden."

With the permission of Miss Lowell's publishers we print below her translation of Francis Jammes's poem, "Prière pour Aller au Paradis avec les Anes," from the collection "Quatorze Prières (Orthez 1898).

PRAYER TO GO TO PARADISE WITH THE DONKEYS

When the time for going to you will have come, O my God, let it be on a day when the countryside is dusty with a festival. I wish, just as I do here, to choose the road and go as I please to Paradise, where there are stars in broad daylight. I will take my stick and I will go along the high road, and I will say to the donkeys, my friends: "I am Francis Jammes and I am going to Paradise, because there is no hell in the country of the Good God." I will say to them: "Come, gentle friends of the blue sky, poor, dear animals, who, with a sudden movement of the ears, drive away silver flies, blows, and bees. . . ."

Grant that I appear before you in the midst of these animals that I love so much, because they hang their heads gently, and when they stop put their little feet together in a very sweet and pitiful way. I shall arrive followed by their millions of ears, followed by those who carry baskets on their flanks, by those who draw acrobats' carts or carts of feather-dusters and tin ware, by those who have dented cans on their backs, she-asses full like gourds, with halting steps, and those on whom they put little pantaloons because of the blue and running sores which the obstinate flies make, sticking in circles. My God, grant that I come to you with these asses. Grant that angels conduct us in peace to tufted streams, where glossy cherry-trees quiver like the laughing flesh of young girls, and grant that, leaning over your divine waters in this place of souls, I become like the donkeys who mirror their humble and gentle poverty in the clearness of eternal love.

[1]It was Marguerite Mitchell of Weston who introduced us to Francis Jammes and his donkeys, directing us to Miss Lowell's book, and our thanks go to her.

We print below another poem of Francis Jammes's from "De l'Angélus de l'Aube à l'Angélus du Soir" (Mercure de France, 1898) and we hope that some one of the Horn Book readers will send us a translation which we shall like to print in a future number of the Horn Book. We shall be very glad, too, to receive translations of any of the seven poems about Donkeys from "Pensée des Jardins."

L'ANE ÉTAIT PETIT..

A Charles de Borden.

L'âne était petit et plein de pluie et tira.
la charrette qui avait passé la forêt.
La femme, sa petite fille et le pauvre âne
faisaient leur devoir doux, puisque dans le village
ils vendaient pour le feu le bois des fruits de pin.

La femme et la petite fille auront du pain
qu'elles mangeront dans leur cuisine, ce soir,
près du feu que la chandelle rendra plus noir.
Voici Noël. Elles ont des figures douces
comme la pluie grise qui tombe sur la mousse.

L'âne doit être le même âne qu'à la crèche
qui regardait Jésus dans la nuit noire et fraîche:
car rien ne change et s'il n'y a pas d'étoile,
cette nuit, qui mène à Jésus les mages vieux,
c'est que cette comète au tremblement d'eau bleue
pleure la pluie.

C'était aussi simple autrefois,
quand les anges chantaient dans la paille du toit;
sans doute que les étoiles étaient des cierges
comme ceux qu'il y a aujourd'hui près des vierges
et, sans doute, comme aujourd'hui les gens sans or,
que Jésus, sa mère et Joseph étaient des pauvres.

Il y a cependant nous autres qui changeons
si rien ne change. — Et ceux qu'aime bien le bon Dieu,
comme autrefois aussi sous l'étoile d'eau bleue,
c'est les ânes très doux aux oreilles bougeantes,
avec leurs jambes minces, roides et tremblantes,
et les paysannes douces et naïves du matin
qui vendent pour le feu le bois des fruits du pin.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

By Emily Ethell, Librarian
Lyons Township High School, La Grange, Illinois

IN these days when our youngest generation braves the wilderness at a summer camp and dreams of exploring the unknown (what there is left of it) in an aeroplane, we need books like Mrs. Becker's "Golden Tales of Our America" to remind us of other days and other ways.

She must have enjoyed searching for exactly the right stories for her collection. Just as the grandmothers and the maiden aunts used to select quilt pieces — a bit of a wedding gown, and of sister's first party dress — each for its own significance and for the color that it would add to the gay

Drawing from "Golden Tales of Our America." Dodd

and harmonious whole, she has chosen cheerful and appealing stories of American home folks the country over, each breathing its own particular atmosphere, and, together, creating the very spirit of America's making.

For the most part they are the less familiar stories of a distinguished group of American writers whose names grace many a collection of "Best American Short Stories" and "Readings from American Literature"—Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Sarah Orne Jewett, and from the ranks of the contemporary story tellers, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Mary Austin, Hamlin Garland and Esther Shephard. But the most interesting and valuable feature of the collection is

the inclusion of selections from the nearly forgotten writers of yesterday, Jacob Abbott, Rowland Robinson, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, and James Hall. Some of them will probably seem quaint and old-fashioned to the present generation, but they all, to use the inelegant compliment of youth, "know their stuff" from actual experience or from genuinely reliable sources. To a teacher of American literature, a collection of short stories, American in spirit as well

Drawing from "Golden Tales of Our America." Dodd

as in authorship, attractive in make-up, and that includes the necessary "something about the author's life," should be as welcome as the flowers in May.

Learning of America's social history through the reading of fiction is a stimulating and rewarding pastime. Where in a text book can be found as faithful a picture of the rough, free and easy life on the old Erie Canal around 1850 as Mr. Walter D. Edmonds gives in "Rome Haul"? In Katharine Holland Brown's novel, "The Father," the Stafford family, friends of Emerson and of Horace Mann, travelled this same canal on their way to Sangamon County, Illinois, there to win the friendship of a backwoods lawyer named Lincoln.

At about the same time, Scandinavian settlers were clearing land and planting wheat in Minnesota, and there Matts, the hero of Cornelia James Cannon's "Red Rust," gave his life to the search for the perfect grain even as Mark Alfred Carleton, the real hero of De Kruif's "Hunger Fighters," gave his.

Other Northerners were pushing westward to the Dakota Territory. "Giants in the Earth," that gripping tale of the prairies, originally written in Norwegian, by O. E. Rolvaag, tells a story that is realistic in the true sense of the word. Per Hansa is the incarnation of the spirit of the pioneer who glories in the struggle with the soil.

"Per Hansa was in a rare mood that afternoon. How he was binding his own wheat, his hands oily with the sap of the new cut stems; a fine oil it was, too — he rubbed his hands together and felt a sensuous pleasure welling up within him. His body seemed to grow a little with every bundle he tied; he walked as if on springs; a strength the like of which he had never felt before ran through his muscles. How good it was to be alive!"

But his poor homesick wife, Beret, covered the windows to shut out the vastness and the desolation and brooded continuously over her loneliness.

And still the Conestoga wagons jolted west in spite of hardships and the bitter opposition of the Indians. Some chose the Oregon trail, seeking a snug home in the rich lands of the Northwest, as did the Bainbridge family in "The Cabin at the Trail's End," by Sheba Hargreaves.

Drawing from "Golden Tales of Our America." Dodd

Marcus Whitman and his lovely young wife have figured in many novels of that section, but in none more convincingly than in Mrs. Honoré Willsie Morrow's "We Must March," a special tribute to Narcissa Whitman.

Other gold-thirsty travellers followed the old Santa Fé trail through those red mesas of the Southwest where Willa Cather's saintly Archbishop and his faithful Father rode their cream-colored mules, and across the treacherous desert to the mining camps of California, the wild frontier towns that Bret Harte and Stewart Edward White write of.

Tales of a past as rich in romance and adventure as ours can scarcely help but make entertaining reading, and if at the same time they preserve a little of its traditions and spirit for the youth of today, they will have performed a great service as well.

GOLDEN TALES OF OUR AMERICA, compiled by May Lamberton Becker	*Dodd*	$2.50
ROME HAUL, by Walter D. Edmonds	*Little*	2.50
RED RUST, by Cornelia James Cannon	*Little*	2.50
GIANTS IN THE EARTH, by O. E. Rolvaag	*Harper*	2.50
THE CABIN AT THE TRAIL'S END, by Sheba Hargreaves	*Harper*	2.00
WE MUST MARCH, by Honoré Willsie Morrow	*Morrow*	2.50
DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, by Willa Cather	*Knopf*	2.50

READING CONTEST BOOK NOTES

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW

By Eric P. Kelly — *Macmillan* $2.50

In this book Mr. Kelly has written about old Poland so clearly that one can really hear the merchants calling out their wares, the din of the people moving about, and the mellow tone of the trumpet of Krakow sounding the Heynal, the hymn to "Our Lady Mary." One can see the people, the tower from which is coming the Heynal, and off in the distance the silvery stream of the Vistula is seen gleaming as it passes the Wawel. Nor is it all so peaceful as this. One who is seeking adventure will surely find it when Peter of the button face, a bold robber, tries to get the great Tarnov Crystal. Adventure is woven all through the story. It is also exciting to find how Joseph, the hero of the story and also the trumpeter, baffles Peter just by blowing the Heynal.

The fact that Mr. Kelly has been over in Krakow and other Polish cities and that the illustrator is a Polish artist makes the book more interesting.

Robert N. Manning (*Age 11*),
Plainville, Connecticut.

THE JUNGLE BOOK, by Rudyard Kipling *Doubleday* $2.50

I enjoyed these Jungle stories immensely, but best of all I like "Rikki-tikki-tavi." This is a story of how Rikki-tikki-tavi fought all his battles himself.

He was a mongoose. One day a summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother. He clung to a wisp of grass until he lost his senses. When he revived he was lying on the garden path and a boy was saying: "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral." But he wasn't dead. They took him to the house and soon he was ready to play.

After this he was quite friendly and saved all of the people's lives. He fought Nag and Nagaina in the garden and Darzee, the tailor bird, helped. The same day when he was with Teddy he heard a voice: "Be careful. I am death." It was Karait, the dusty brown snakeling, and his bite is dangerous. Here he saved Teddy's life. That night when Nag, the cobra, waited to kill the man, woman and Teddy, Rikki-tikki killed him. Next day he saved Teddy's life again by killing Nagaina.

Marybelle Gristy (*Age 12*),
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

By Mark Twain — *Harper* $2.25

In my opinion "The Prince and the Pauper" is an unfinished book, because many people are mentioned just enough to get one interested and then nothing else is said about them. This book is about two boys who change clothes. One the Prince of Wales, the other, a pauper lad. These boys looked so much alike that one could not tell them apart. While the pauper dressed as a Prince was having many funny experiences at the English Palace, the Prince dressed like a pauper was having hard times. He tried to explain to the people why he was dressed so poorly and that he was the Prince. But they would not listen. They jeered and called him cat names. At last a kind man took pity upon him. This man helped the ill-dressed Prince to gain his position as King. All this time the pauper in the palace was trying to explain that he was not the Prince. The King would not hear of this for he thought his son had gone crazy. In the end nearly every one was happy. The pauper had had a taste of royal life and the Prince had learned many sad things.

Norma Clare Acker (*Age 12*),
Mount Vernon, New York.

IVANHOE, by Sir Walter Scott

McKay $3.00
and other editions

The story of "Ivanhoe" is as adventurous and brave a story as any King Arthur book or pirate story. It is about the bold times of Richard, the lion-hearted king, and of brave Robin Hood and his merry men, which I think is the most romantic time. In it is the spirit of tournaments and knights. Nor is it all adventure. In it Scott has woven history, love, hard times of the poor people, and the jealousy of the rich Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

It is not written like the stories of the old English writers of Scott's time, which to children is as much understood as if it were Greek, but in a way that we can understand. A little is over my head, which can't be helped, but I can get the story.

Don't read it too young, but get it as soon as you feel you can understand it.

Robert N. Manning (*Age 11*),
Plainville, Connecticut.

PRINCE BANTAM

By May McNeer and Lynd Ward — *Macmillan* $3.00

When I received the book I looked at the title. After I had read the first chapter I concluded it was a book about a boy, Prince Bantam of Yoshitsune. After I had read the second chapter I thought it was a book of fairy tales. My first conclusion was right. It is a book about Prince Yoshitsune of the Minemotos. It is full of fighting and about

the monks and the gaining of the rule by the Minemotos and Benkei. Benkei is Prince Yoshitsune's retainer. He is a giant priest and is of great help. When any one refuses to come for Yoshitsune he picks them up and brings them. It was quite handy. It interested me for it told what kind of weapons were used in the olden days in Japan. It really is good.

ESTHER SCHELL (*Age 10*),
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

By HELEN DAMROSCH TEE-VAN *Macmillan* $2.00

This story is about a little South American Indian boy named Arauta, which meant the "Red Howling Monkey." This name did not describe Arauta at all, for Arauta was a good boy hardly ever being scolded or spanked.

Arauta's tribe believe there are spirits in various things even in a cooking pot. One of the family pets was a gay old macaw who when caught at mischief would fuss so hard that he could not be scolded for the mischief done.

When a man whom Arauta called "Parson" came, Arauta begged to be taken to Georgetown, but was met with the reply that people wore clothes there. Then Arauta saved every scrap of cloth he could find, finally taking it to his mother to be made into clothes. When Parson saw how much Arauta wanted to go he consented to take him. When on the train Arauta wondered why the trees ran away but still more puzzling adventures met him in Georgetown. On the journey home Arauta thought he had seen enough of the world.

EVELYN KIRIMURA (*Age 12*),
Pueblo, Colorado.

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN ITALY AND SWITZERLAND, by CLARA E. LAUGHLIN *Houghton* $2.00

This book is a true story of two girls who went to Italy and Switzerland with their aunt. It tells of their fine times browsing around. They did not have to hurry away as soon as some tourists do, and so got more of an idea of the country and its history, but even then they had to go sooner than they wanted to, there was so much to see. The fact that it is about two girls is no sign boys would not like to read it.

My mother read it to me when I was sick. She has been across in those countries and collected picture cards of the places she visited. As she read about something she had a picture of, she would give it to me to show what it was like. This was fun. If any one has saved cards of these places it would make the book more interesting.

Just because it is written to sound like children's writing, I do not think the English should be made wrong on that account.

ROBERT N. MANNING (*Age 11*),
Plainville, Connecticut.

TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA

By WASHINGTON IRVING — *Macmillan* $1.75

Mystery, romance, wonder and excitement a-plenty for any one reading this book. All of the stories contained in this volume contain a little of each of these things.

My favorite story is "The Legend of the Moor's Legacy." This story tells about a poor man named Peregil who was a water carrier, and his family. They have a hard time at first, and are very unfortunate, but later they become rich through having gotten into the lower vaults of the tower of seven floors. The only means of entrance was by reading a certain scroll at exactly midnight by the light of an especially prepared candle. Peregil got the scroll and taper from a Moor who died in his home.

This whole book is full of interesting stories, all of which I enjoyed very much.

FRANCES OGBIN (*Age 13*),
New York City.

A FAIRY VILLAGE ON A SCHOOL GREEN

IT was the second grade's long-dreamed-of, long-expected day in June! The sun shone brightly, and at last, — at long last — five o'clock was come, and here they were gathered out on the edge of the green cooking and eating their supper. The lamb and the pure-white goat were there, too. The lamb was not as others of his species for this lamb had been with the second-graders in classroom many, many days. The goat, though very delicate and scholarly looking, had not been scholarly or quiet in the school rooms. But he had remained a much loved pet for play time. There was a tiny spaniel puppy now in arms, but evidently in line for third grade work next fall. And on the outside of the group was a personage who seemed most important of all, — a large St. Bernard. Surely he had acted as watchful guardian to the second grade throughout the year. And now on this their great day he was bearing himself like a benevolent country squire entertaining the villagers.

The second-graders were now villagers indeed. They were feasting and merry-making in front of their own cottages. Seventeen little houses stretched out in friendly informal arrangement behind the supper party. You could not think this any band of gypsies even though cooking was being

done over a trench fire. These were persons of ordered lives. There in line were the Post Office, the general store with the name of a large chain line over its door, and the fire engine house very elegant with curtains of yellow muslin. Then there were two nice sociable circles of homes, similar in form but varied in color and decoration. Some had gay awnings over windows and doors; and some tiny gardens of flowers. The portrait of the builder (presumably) adorned

One of the Homes

one door. Another house was decorated with a border of bunnies and flowers. For the most part the arrangement of rooms was alike and all that was needed, — a large living room downstairs, and a nice roomy bedroom with neatly screened windows upstairs. Here and there a more complicated arrangement with hallway and small study appeared. Braided rugs and bits of furniture were in many houses. But the principal table and chair had been taken out of each onto the grass.

The Post Office and Stores

Here those second-graders who were not toasting bacon, or feeding the lamb or the goat, or nursing the tiny spaniel were sitting each at the table he had made in the chair he had made, eating out of the dishes he had made. And when supper was over and twilight had deepened, these boys and girls would each sleep in the houses of their own building.

The Fire Engine House and Two Homes

The work of the whole year had led up to this day, — the day when houses, furniture and furnishings all would be done and the builders and makers could dwell in their cottages and use the work of their hands. Dishes and rugs were the product of winter months, but plans for the houses and measured drawings had been worked upon throughout the year, and building had begun with the coming of spring.

Now here at last was a fairy village upon a school ground, and when their exciting night was over they'd have flapjacks for breakfast on the village green.

B. E. M.

The Fairy Village

How many little children in America have a year of joy like that of the "villagers"? Of how many thousands are D. H. Lawrence's lines still true?

All the long school-hours, round the irregular hum of the class
Have pressed immeasurable spaces of hoarse silence
Muffling my mind, as snow muffles the sounds that pass
Down the soiled street. We have pattered the lessons ceaselessly—[1]

D. H. LAWRENCE.

[1] From the poem entitled "A Snowy Day in School" in the "Collected Poems," by D. H. Lawrence, published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.

A Drawing by Arthur Hughes for "Good Words for the Young"

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

In this section the Editors print letters, discussion, or other short papers which may have interest for Horn Book readers. The illustrations used throughout The Hunt Breakfast section are all by Arthur Hughes for the periodical or books indicated.

ARTHUR HUGHES, ILLUSTRATOR

IN a letter about "Realms of Gold," Mr. L. Leslie Brooke, the distinguished English illustrator, writes as follows about the original illustrator of "Tom Brown's School Days" and other well-known books: —

Arthur Hughes for "The Light Princess"

"I must admit to one or two purely personal regrets (for I do not think with such a successful and elaborate result any criticism is necessary) — the chief being that I miss Arthur Hughes' name. He was an older man but worked as a contemporary with Walter Crane whom I think he outlived (the only time I met him was in 1914 at a funeral, and I think he lived some years after that) and he was working to the end. Christina Rossetti's 'Sing Song' had his drawings originally and he is associated with the George Macdonald of the 'Good Words for the Young' period —the early seventies. I have known F. D. Bedford for many years and am his strong admirer, but I do not think he has superseded Hughes in 'At the Back of the North Wind' (any more than I did myself, when I took on the job of the 'Nonsense Songs,' supersede Edward Lear!!) though I like his edition of the book, too. And I miss a note about what has always seemed a touch of romance to me — Arthur Hughes' illustrating all George Macdonald's Fairy Stories as they came out, and then in his old age being commissioned by the son to illustrate his also, and doing it most delicately and beautifully ('The Magic Crock,' 'Jack and Jill,' etc.).

"I know you have mentioned a lot of G. Macdonald's books and I'm

sure the modern illustrations which I haven't seen are all they should be (I myself did drawings for 'The Light Princess' for Blackie many hundreds of years ago now) but — well, Macdonald and Hughes breathed the same Victorian air and belong to each other. Yes. I miss Arthur Hughes."

"GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG"

In 1869 a delightful children's magazine — "Good Words for the Young" — began in England under the editorship of Dr. Norman McLeod. It was a sixpenny monthly and is of special interest to collectors now because of the fine authors and illustrators who made its pages distinguished. George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" appeared in it serially during the first year, with twenty-four drawings by Arthur Hughes. Mr. Hughes also made ten drawings for the early chapters of Henry Kingsley's "Boy in Grey" for the same magazine. George Macdonald succeeded Dr. McLeod as editor and "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," "The Princess and the Goblin," and others of his stories appeared in it until in 1874 the magazine changed its name and its character as well. But George Macdonald had given up the editorship before this, after carrying it for its third and fourth year without salary.

A FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY

Baltimore, Maryland
June 8, 1929.

Dear Miss Mahony,

When mother asked me what I should like to have for my fifteenth birthday, I thought of the Horn Book before anything else; so I am sending one dollar twenty-five cents ($1.25) for a year's subscription. Please start my subscription with the next issue.

I have surely enjoyed the Horn Book for the past year, although I have not been a subscriber, and I read and enjoy many of the books mentioned in it. I only wish that you'd tell about more books for older boys and girls. Now that school is almost over, I shall be sending in a number of book-notes.

Sincerely yours,
HARRIET VERNON.

In another part of this Horn Book the editors have been glad to follow Harriet Vernon's suggestion. See pages 29, 35, 41 and 51.

GAIETY IN A SCHOLAR-ARTIST

An Editor's life is great fun and part of the fun is letters. One has letters from so many people one never sees.

A

The Carnegie Institution in Washington,—importantly serious and valuable as it is —was responsible for a recent editorial adventure. They recommended in answer to inquiry, Mrs. Earl Morris (Ann Axtell Morris) as a person particularly fitted to write an article on the Ancient Americas. The following bits are culled from the two delightful letters from Mrs. Morris which resulted. (Of course all Horn Book readers remember that Mrs. Morris's article, "America Before Columbus," appeared in the May number.)

April 1, 1929.

"I have been reading the Horn Books you sent from cover to cover. They are absorbingly interesting and entirely new to me who have spent my last five years so savagely in Mexico. Even if I write a very bad article for you, so that you will be exasperated beyond all hope — please let me subscribe to the Quarterly forever on!"

May 2, 1929.

"If you can bear the manner in which I construct my sentences, I'd love to do another job for you. This last was one Grand Whoopee after my monographic[1] winter, and I found the breadth of outlook extremely stimulating to my jaded spirit then confronting the 'Conclusion' to the same. If I may outline my virtues — I spent a year doing Prehistoric Europe with the American School of Prehistory. — I've grubbed in Carthage, aspire to Egypt and am terribly knowing about Rome, Greece and Asia. America I've married — literally — but I'm shaky on Micronesia!

"I saw tonight an A. P.[2] announcement that somebody or other says the Breton fishermen discovered America in 1392. Don't be disturbed — the A. P. is a bit apt to be promiscuous."

[1] Mrs. Morris has been writing a monograph upon Maya fresco painting from the ruined city of Chichen Itza.

[2] Associated Press.

A HIGH SCHOOL BOOK CLUB

B

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls has selected and sent to the Lyons Township High School four books a month throughout the school year just closed. Miss Emily Ethell, the Librarian, wrote of her Book Club's experiences with these books in the February, 1929 (Volume V, Number 1), Horn Book (page 33). The following letter is her final report: —

Lyons Township High School
La Grange, Illinois
June 4, 1929.

Dear Horn Book:

The Book Club ended its second season with a lilac tea at which the head of the English department read poetry. It was a great social success.

The most popular book of the year was "The Wounded Name." "Drums" and "Swords on the Sea" in the fiction list, and "Hunger Fighters," "Beneath Tropic Seas," and "20 Hours, 40 Minutes" in the non-fiction, were also well up on the list. "Longshanks," "The Beckoning Road," "Rome Haul," and "Clearing Weather" were very favorably mentioned. In fact they liked most of them. "The Stream of History" was a little long to be popular, and "A Boy of the Desert" and "Juniper Farm" a bit juvenile. They found the "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Gentleman" rather hard reading, I think, because they lack the background to appreciate the nice Englishness of it, but their sponsor liked it well enough to make up for that. Isn't "Golden Tales of Our America" a nice collection to use with courses in American literature?

C

The poetry-meetings were a success, I'm glad to say. One little girl said that she had never liked poetry before.

EMILY ETHELL.